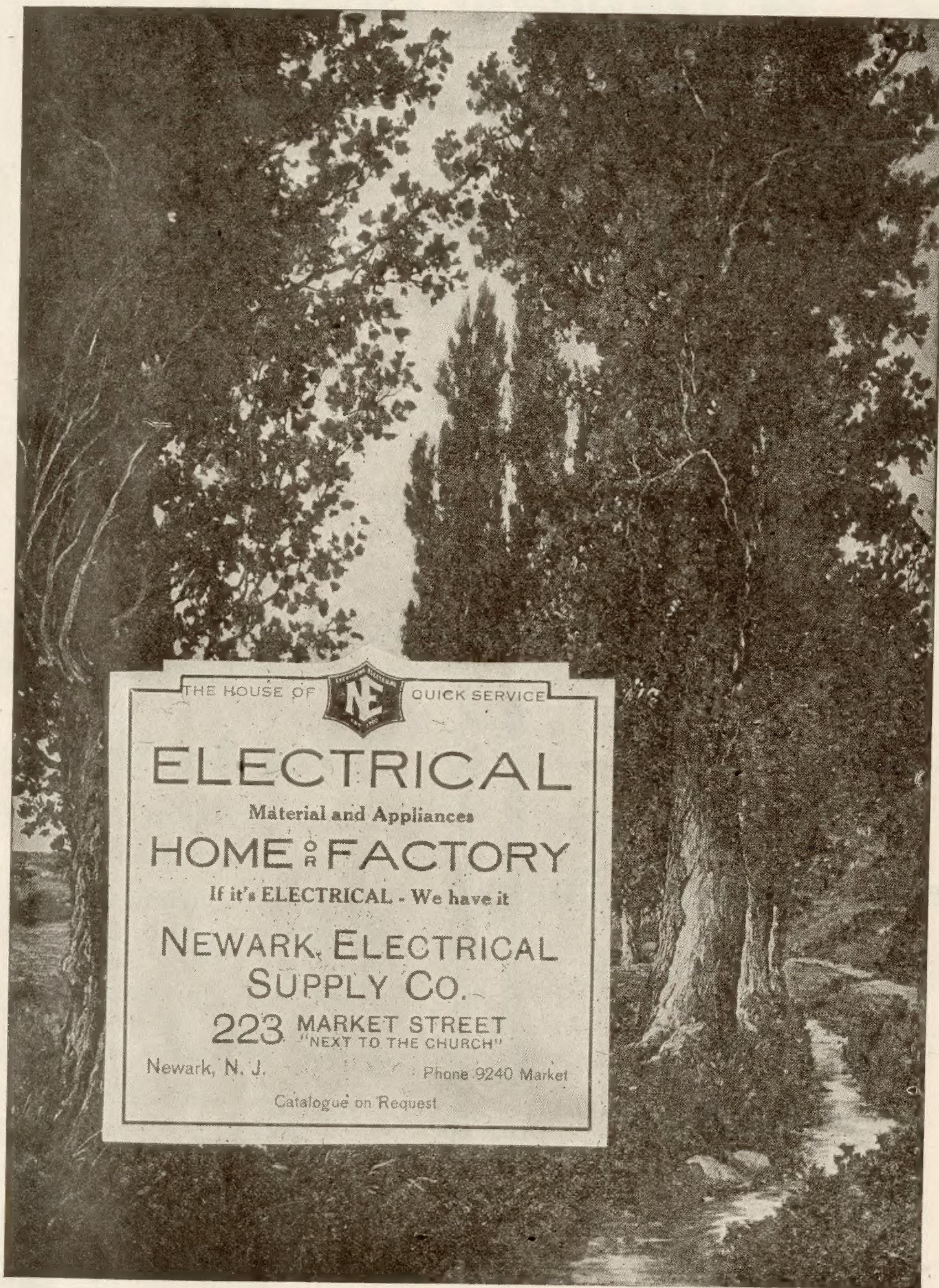


THE
ACROPOLIS

SEPTEMBER

Nineteen Twenty

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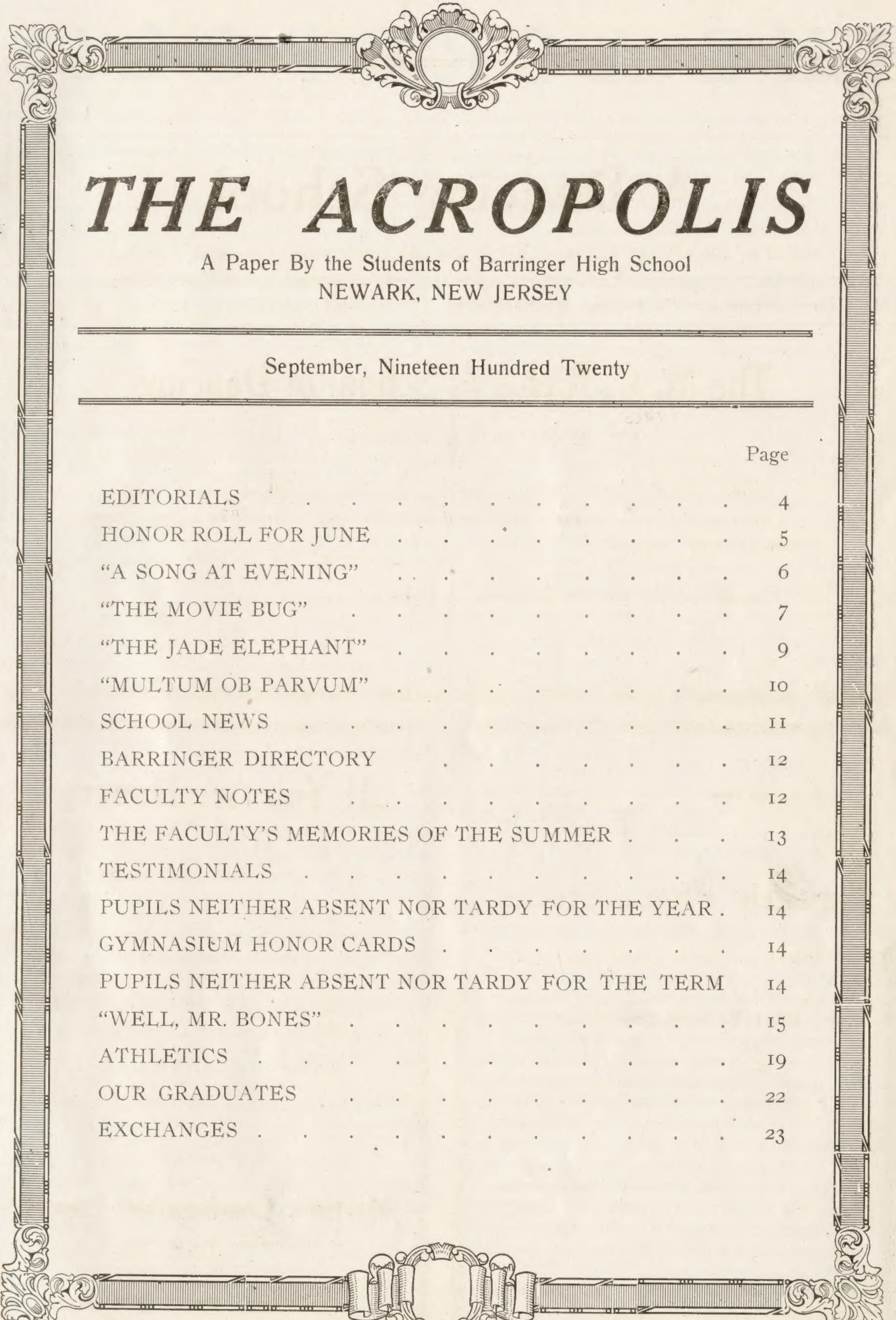
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THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper By the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

September, Nineteen Hundred Twenty

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THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1920

TO THE CLASS OF JUNE, '24.

Members of the Class of June, '24, THE ACROPOLIS extends to you a cordial welcome and wishes you to realize what it means to come to Barringer.

Barringer is a school with a reputation. Her name is known far and wide. Many classes have graduated from Barringer, and each class has added something to her glory and fame. To you, the class of June, '24, is given the responsibility of upholding that fame. In order to do this, each individual member must be a true Barringerite. To be a true Barringerite requires of you three characteristics: First, you must be studious. In fact, that is why you have come to Barringer. Do not let your studies be second to anything. A flunker never gets anywhere; he is only a disgrace to himself and to his school. Second, you must conduct yourself in a manner becoming to a high-school student. Don't be a nuisance to your teachers if you want them to have any respect for you or have any desire to teach you. Remember, nobody likes a rowdy or a

boisterous churl. Third, you must be loyal and true to Barringer. Come out for her teams, and if you don't make the teams, come out and root for the teams. Join one of the clubs and help make it a success. Be a booster, not a knocker.

In short, be true to Barringer ideals of study, deportment, and loyalty, and you, too, will add to the renown of your chosen high school.

DID YOU EVER THINK

That for every one Barringer player on the football team there are at least eighty pupils in the school that do not take part in the game; and that in former years, except in very important games, only about fifteen of these eighty were actually present in the field? It has been shown that the team that has the best backing, and knows it, usually wins. You friends, who have recently come among us, probably know little or nothing about football. But it is easy to learn the principles of the game, and the more you know about it, the more you'll like it. It is rather

discouraging to a team, to get out on the grid-iron to fight for the glory and reputation of the school and its pupils, only to find no one there to give them encouragement. Likely as not, the other team has half their school out rooting for them. We know that we are backing the team, but we have yet to prove this fact to the team. The way to show them as well as to give them a good send-off this season, is for the Barringerites to appear at the first game, in such numbers that the grandstand will not hold them all. If this happens, we feel sure that the opposing team will shake in their shoes at the very sight of them. It can be done. "Where there's a will, there's a way," so let's show them.

Did you ever hear of the morale of a team? Therein often lies the secret of victory. If the players think that it makes no difference to the school whether they win or not, they go into the game with a feeling of indifference and the first thing that goes wrong, they all become pessimists and say "good-bye" to the game. On the other hand, if the team knows that it has the utmost support of the school, it will fight like a whirlwind until the last whistle blows, to prove that their fellow-students' trust in them is not unfounded. We have a very promising team this year, so let's give them every ounce of support that we can and so have Barringer lead in the support of her teams in the same fashion that she leads in other things.

TWO BE'S FOR ONE-BEES.

By a Member of the Faculty.

The first Be: Be sure you are welcome. You have come across one of the great divides. You have left the school that you know so well—the old familiar rooms and the good friends. But you have come to a school that has a place for you. In a few months Barringer will seem to you like home. You will fit in. You will make new friends. Soon you will be helping to yell The Team to victory; and you will feel that you own at least one handle on every cup and a lace in every football in the trophy cases.

The second Be: Be willing to take a joke. If you turn up suddenly in a 4A room at the third period looking for a 1B room at the second, join the smile and try again. If you find yourself searching for the Gym on the third floor, smile again and look farther. Remember that the new school is full of people who are glad to see you and willing to help you. If they look a little amused, flash back a grin, and the sun will shine through all your days at Barringer.

DR. BYRON C. MATHEWS.

After many years of distinguished service as a teacher in Barringer High School, Dr. Byron C. Mathews retired from active educational work at the close of the school year last June. On the 29th of June the Faculty of Barringer gave a luncheon in Dr. Mathew's honor. Many expressions of appreciation of his character and his work were voiced by the members of the Faculty, who have known him and worked with him for many years, and a purse of gold was presented to him as tangible evidence of the respect and love of his fellow teachers. Dr. Matthews will be greatly missed by both Faculty and student body, all of whom wish him continued health and strength in his new home at Northeast, Pennsylvania, where he expects to indulge, to some extent, in horticultural work. More extended reference may be made later to the value of Dr. Mathew's work in Newark.

J. Archibald Corlies, who taught in Barringer last term, is now teaching in Honolulu, where, no doubt, his genial personality will pave the way for great success in his work.

HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE.

- 4A Room 57. Alice Dodge, Phillip Nohemie, Walter Shroeder, Richard Sweet, Lucille Jesurun.
Room 59. Eda Ahr, Sara Fillips, Ruth Fisher, Leslie Wallace, Katharine McHale, Walter Scott, Matilda Strasburger, William Whitely.
Room 67. John Cairns, Isobel Cary, Katharine Wicks.
- 4B Room 76. Helen Walsh, Freda Carroll, Helen Schaffer.
- 3A Room 51. Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Constance Carpenter, Louis Cheskin, Fred Frost, Clement Golden, Abe Hochberg, William Koester, Margaret Kohn, Irma Lutz, Sol Morder, Jean Muchmore.
Room 55. Frank Chew, Annie Dillingham, Frances Kolodin, Marian Knight.
Room 36. Robert Winans, Robert Castles.
- 3B Room 91. Imre Domoukos, Katharyn Elkins, Robert Wolfe, Stanton Townley.
Room 31. Theodore Rissell, Samuel Rudnitzky, Saul Siff, Eli Silberfeld.
Room 86. Robert Metcalfe, Melita Ahl.
- 2A Room 37. Gordon Douglass, Harold Jayson, Sylvia Lancet, Henry Matilene.
Room 69. Elizabeth Mingle, David Gladstone.
Room 50. Anna Frederici, Simon Harris.
Room 25. Harriet Bellah, Lawrence Burgyes, Joseph Flanagan, Roland Hyer, Miriam Kolba, Fairlie McNear, Vernon Muchmore, Alfred Schiavetti, Henry Venus.

Continued on Page Twenty-three.



Literature

A SONG AT EVENING

The great hospital was still, the long wards quiet in the dim light of the two little night-lamps, one at each end. But it was the hushed quiet of expectancy, not of sleep. All those men were waiting, not wanting to go to sleep till it came.

Then, at last, it did come, as do all things to him who waits—the lullaby at dusk, soothing those war-torn men to restful sleep there in the great quiet wards. No one had ever seen the singer, but always just as evening fell and the shades were drawn, they heard her song—soft, sweet, soothing. From ward to ward she passed, singing with her guitar, moving as silently as a shadow. Only one of the staff of doctors and nurses had dared speak to her as she started out into the night, but without being plainly distinguished from the shadows she had disappeared.

"If she wants to remain unknown, I don't think it just the honorable thing to spy her out," Doctor Grant had declared. So no one had since tried to speak to her.

But one night when the singer came, one of the wards had an extra light burning. She drew back from the door and started to go away, but the nurse in charge called her.

"Don't run, girl, please. We need you."

The girl drew back into the shadows and stared dumbly at the nurse.

"Need me? What earthly use am I?" she asked in a low voice—a little bitterly, the older woman thought.

"Yes, we do need you. One of the men must be operated on to-night. He is blind, and his condition forbids the use of ether. The pain will be terrible, but he says he wants you to sing to him, and he won't mind it. Will you?" she pleaded.

Marion's eyes filled with tears. To be of service to some one! Some one needed her!

"Of course, I'll do it!"

Miss Landen took her hand and pressed it.

"Thank you, little stranger."

"I'll tell you who I am: Marion Page. I live just across the road, in that cottage behind the hedge."

The two went into the room and up to the cot above which the extra light burned.

"Here is Miss Page, Doctor Grant," Miss Landen said softly.

The doctor glanced at her and smiled.

"Here she is, Grenfell." Then aside to the girl, "Are you tired? Can you do what we ask?"

"I am not tired. I can do it," she answered steadily, her heart pumping madly.

A few minutes later all was ready in the white, clean operating room; Marion seated beside the lieutenant, two nurses holding his hands, gently chafing his thin wrists. Marion was singing softly, her fingers lightly touching the strings of her guitar. Grenfell listened with a smile on his white, pain-drawn face, making no outcry, although the pain was terrible.

At last it was over. Grenfell had fainted, and the two nurses who held his hands sat down exhausted, but Marion stood gazing down into the thin white face of the man. Doctor Grant placed a kindly hand on her shoulder.

"Splendid! Your endurance is superb! You should be a nurse; you'd be wonderful in the operating room. Thank you, Miss Page, for what you have done."

Tears blinded Marion as she walked beside the doctor.

"How old are you?" he asked, kindly.

"Twenty."

Continued on Page Twenty-four.

THE MOVIE BUG

"HEY, Skinny! Come on to Tubby Martin's yard. He's telling all the fellers about his job in the movie studio at Los Angeles."

"All right. Wait a minute. I'm coming," replied the boy called Skinny, as he ran down the steps, into his yard and out into the street.

"Let's run or we'll be late," said Skinny. "I'm going to try and get a job there and I want to know all about it."

Skinny, alias Gabriel Taylor, was a tall, red-headed boy about the age of fourteen. He had just graduated from public school and was going to enter high school as soon as vacation was over. He wanted to get a job during the summer, and, as he lived only a few miles away from Los Angeles, the greatest moving-picture center of the world, he decided to try and get a position in some studio over there.

Also, Skinny had the movie bug. Almost every other boy in the town where Skinny lived had it. For, as I said before, they lived only a few miles away from Los Angeles and it was not uncommon to see some pictures being taken around the town.

When Skinny and his friend reached Martin's yard, they were all out of breath, but Skinny broke through the ring of Tubby's admirers and interrupted him while he was in the midst of illustrating a fight which he had seen, between the hero and the villain. So violently did Skinny push him, that he sat down on the ground with a grunt and started to roll around in order to get his wind. After a few minutes he stood up and immediately took a fighting position facing Skinny. Skinny, not to be outdone, also took a similar position. The rest of the boys crowded around in order to get a good view of the fight.

"Why did you knock me over?" asked Tubby.

"I couldn't help it. I was out of breath," was the reply.

"You could help it," said Tubby.

"I couldn't."

"Could."

"Couldn't."

"Could."

"Cou—wough." At this point Skinny, not being able to bear it any longer, waded in. He grasped Tubby around the knees in a perfect tackle, and soon the two were rolling on the turf in a genuine wrestling bout. After a few moments' fighting and rolling, mostly rolling, Tubby, being the heavier of the two, soon came on top. He sat down on Skinny's stomach and said:

"Enough?"

"No," said Skinny angrily. This reply was followed by Tubby's bouncing up and down on Skinny's stomach.

"Ouch! Stop! Oh, my stomach! Let me up! Do you hear? Let me up or I'll kill you. Do you hear?—let me up."

Silence.

"Please let me up. There, is that good enough for you?"

Silence.

"Aw, Tubby, please let me up. I didn't mean to hurt you. I only came here to ask you about your job at the movies."

"What!" was the rather excited answer.

Skinny repeated his request again. This time Tubby picked him up. The movies was a weak spot to him. And the fact that a boy his own age should appeal to him for advice pleased him very much. Upon Skinny's question as to whether he could get a job or not, Tubby replied in the affirmative and added the inducement that there was a scarcity of labor and a job was given to any one.

The boys parted, the best of friends, and with the agreement that they should meet at the corner on the following morning and go to work together. Now everything depended on whether Skinny's parents were willing or not.

When he reached home, he saw his mother on the front porch, knitting. She was waiting for Skinny's father to come home from the office. Skinny sat down on the top step and after a while broached the subject to his mother.

His mother refused to let him go to work, but said that if his father was willing, then he could go.

When his father came home, they went in to supper. After supper Skinny waited until his father sat down on the front porch and lit his pipe. Then, at the psychological moment, he asked the question.

At first his father refused. "I am able to support this family very well," he said.

"But I'll have to go to work sooner or later and I might as well begin now. Besides, I want to get enough money to buy a pair of skates for Christmas."

"All right, I'll let you try it," said his father, "but only during the summer. Let me know when you quit the job."

When Skinny heard this, he ran down the steps with a shout and down the street to tell Tubby about it.

The next day, bright and early, Skinny started off to work. He carried his lunch under his arm. After meeting Tubby on the corner they boarded a car and rode to Los Angeles.

Arrived at their destination, they descended from the car and walked a few blocks until they came to the studio.

The studio occupied a whole city block. It had a high wooden fence around it, and on each side, a gate. They entered one of these gates and followed a path, until they came to a wooden building with the sign, "Employment Office." They went through the doorway and into a room

which contained some desks and other office furniture. Behind one desk sat a man, who seemed to be the manager. Skinny approached him. The man looked up and said:

"What do you want?"

"I would like to get a job here," replied Skinny somewhat nervously.

The man turned around for something, and in doing so, dropped a dirty piece of paper on the floor. Skinny stooped down and picked it up. The man turned around and as soon as he saw what Skinny had done, he said:

"You're hired. What's your name?"

Skinny was surprised at the suddenness of this, for he did not know that dropping a dirty piece of paper on the floor was a common means by which the employers found out the character of their employees.

After extracting some information from Skinny about himself, he said:

"Report to Mr. Hammond. He is an assistant director of a new serial. You are to work for him. Here he is now," he said, looking up at a young man who had just entered.

After the introduction, Mr. Hammond said:

"You are just in time. We are going to take a picture of the hero diving off a cliff. The auto is waiting outside. Come on."

Skinny left the office and Tubby, and followed Mr. Hammond. They went outside to the street, where an auto was waiting. In it were a cameraman and another man. Skinny entered and was introduced to the men. Mr. Hammond drove off. After a short ride, they came to a beach. At one side was a high cliff. The hero was supposed to dive off it, and they had come to take a picture of it. The cameraman opened a valise and took a dummy out of it. The dummy was dressed just like the man.

"Take the dummy," the director ordered Skinny, "and follow that path to the top of the cliff. When I wave my handkerchief, throw it off the cliff as if it were diving, head first. Don't expose yourself too much."

Skinny took the dummy and ascended the path. After a few minutes' climbing, he reached the top and looked over. He saw them taking a picture of the hero diving off a low precipice. After they had done this, they faced the camera toward the cliff. A white handkerchief was waved. Skinny was very nervous by this time, for this was his first experience. He was unlucky, for as he threw the dummy his foot slipped and the dummy just touched the edge of the cliff and rolled down the side instead of diving clear off into the air.

When Skinny reached the bottom, the director met him and began to scold him for his carelessness. The dummy had fallen on some rocks and Skinny secured it and again ascended the cliff. This time, when the signal was given, he threw it clear off into the air and it went down

head first in a perfect dive. But—again something happened.

As you all know, a dummy is made of straw and therefore cannot sustain hard usage very well. When it had fallen on the rocks, the head had come loose, but Skinny was afraid to say anything that would anger the director further. When the dummy was halfway down the head came loose and arrived at the bottom this time safely but separately.

When Skinny reached the bottom, the director was raving, for they had no other dummies (as the director said) except Skinny, and he was not worth throwing away. Since they had nothing else to do, they hopped into the auto and drove back.

They reached the studio at lunch time. Skinny ate his lunch and then walked around the yard for a while. He came upon a scene, where they were preparing to have a rainstorm. This was arranged by having a long pipe supported in the air about twenty feet from the ground. All over the pipe were small holes and when water was run through it, it came out in a spray, causing a very fine artificial rainstorm. At one side, there was a lever which controlled the flow of the water. A man stood there waiting for the director's signal to come, to turn on the water. But just then some one called the man. He could not leave the lever alone, so he called Skinny, for he was the only one around.

"Here, kid," he said, "when the camera man gives the signal, turn this lever to the right. When he tells you to shut the water off, turn it to the left."

Skinny grasped the handle of the lever and waited. When everything was ready, the signal was given and he turned the lever to the right. The water went through the pipe and out of the holes, forming a fine rainstorm. After the picture was taken, the cameraman gave the signal for the water to be turned off. Skinny tried to turn the lever to the left, but it stuck. The director turned around and said, "What's the matter. Can't you turn it off?"

"No. It sticks, and I can't budge it," said Skinny, perspiring from his efforts.

The camera man tried to turn it himself and succeeded, but the water was not shut off. The valve was broken. By this time the sewer was filled and the water began to flow over the yard. The superintendent came out of his office.

"Shut off the water somehow," he said; "don't let it overflow, or we will lose a lot of money."

"There is nothing left to do but to shut off the main pipe," said the director anxiously.

"Shut it off, then," roared the superintendent. "Don't stand there like a dummy. We are losing money every minute. This water is doing a lot of damage. By the way, who did this?"

"Some little fellow who was working here."

Continued on Page Twenty-seven.

THE JADE ELEPHANT

John Flemings, cub reporter of the Chicago "Tribune," had a hobby. Being of but moderate means, for the honorable profession of journalism had not made a millionaire of him, John was not able to accomplish much in his hobby. His particular hobby was the collecting of curios and antiques of all kinds. What would John not have given to be the possessor of one of those antique and curio shops, veritable fairylands, as he gazed at them with longing eyes? Nevertheless, John had the eye and taste of a connoisseur, even though he had not the pocketbook.

This particular evening, a very cold one early in February, John was walking along O—— Street, having had a hard day. He was gazing lovingly at the store windows containing such wonderful curios of every description, when one of the storekeepers, a friend of his, happened to see him. He called John in, and, knowing his case, he told him to sit down and warm himself up. Mr. Fletcher, for such was this demigod's name, disappeared into his back room. He soon came out, carrying with him a small jade elephant, such as is seen every day in the shops. John was disappointed, for he already had an elephant *exactly similar to this*. But as it was offered to him at such a ridiculously low price, John bought it.

"Well, I wish you better luck with it than I have had," said Mr. Fletcher.

"How so?" asked John.

"Exactly one month ago, an old man came to me and told me that he wanted to pawn it, and that as soon as he had the money, he would return for it. The next day he was found stabbed in the back, with his watch and billfold intact, *and with my pawnticket in his pocket*. Since that time, my place has been ransacked five times, but nothing has been stolen," Mr. Fletcher related.

"Whew!" said John, "I guess I am in for it now."

Having said good-bye, he buttoned up his overcoat and went forth. With the jade elephant in his pocket, the howling of the wind seemed to become more ominous. John was not superstitious, but since he had that trifle in his pocket, he had the very unpleasant sensation of two eyes burning into his back. He soon reached home, and, being very thoughtless, he forgot the elephant and left it in his great-coat pocket. Having smoked a pipe, he went to bed. He was just dozing off, when it seemed that from out of nowhere two shadowy forms pounced on him and held him fast. A black, hairy hand reached forth and choked him. By the aid of a flashlight, one of the masked spectres reached into his coat pocket and took out a hypodermic case. John was

forced over, and while one choked him, the other injected some solution under his arm. After some seconds, John became aware of myriads of little jade elephants dancing before his eyes. Little by little they faded away, and he lost consciousness.

"He is gone," said one

The other released his hold on John, and silently the two began a systematic search of the room. Soon one uttered a cry of delight, for there was the jade elephant, standing in the center of the mantel-piece. He put it into his pocket and the two made ready to leave. As they were going out, one went and turned on the gas jets, and then rejoined his companion.

"Suicide," he whispered into his companion's ear.

John sat up in bed, conscious of a severe headache, and a nauseating smell of gas. One by one, the events of the night passed before his eyes. He was perplexed at the smell of gas, but soon he jumped up, having found the solution.

"Tried to make it a case of suicide, did they? Well, if that isn't luck! Hurrah for all quarter gas meters!" he shouted with glee, jumping and dancing about in his pajamas. "I had forgotten to put a quarter in that old dingus for an age, and the gas was almost used up when they turned it on."

Then noticing the absence of the jade elephant on the mantelpiece, he cried:

"Foiled again! They took the old one instead of the new."

He ran to his overcoat pocket and pulled out the jade elephant. The sight of it made him furious, because such a trinket had put his life in such jeopardy. Running to the fireplace, he threw it on the stones with all his might. The elephant was smashed into a thousand pieces, and in their midst lay, iridescent and lovely, the Rajah's Diamond. He picked it up and examined it. The very one, upon the robbery of which, all the world was astounded; and the very case that had most attracted his attention for the last three months.

Hurriedly he dressed himself and ran to the police station with it. He told the captain the details of his miraculous finding of it.

Ten days later, John received a registered letter. Opening it, he found a \$10,000 check, the reward offered by the millionaire from whom the diamond had been stolen.

Now John can indulge in his hobby to his heart's content; but it is needless to say that he has a decided aversion to little, green jade elephants.

"MULTUM OB PARVUM"

"Great oaks from little acorns grow," said Ben Franklin, or, as Cicero might have said, "Multum ob parvum." And it's a fact.

Who knows but that Hannibal was defeated by Major Scipio because his usual military canniness was overshadowed by the effects of a recalcitrant portion of mince pie?

Who knows but that Ney's fatal slowness at Waterloo was caused by a blister on the left heel, aggravated by a poorly fitting pair of boots?

Who knows but that the defeat of Germany in the Great World War was because of the lack of determination at a crucial and critical moment on the part of the Kaiser caused by the whirring of an electric fan?

Who knows—— Enough. In fact, too much. I know that the recent railroad strike and freight tie-up was caused by a lump of sugar—or rather the absence of such a lump. This is the how of it:

Peter Boswell, the President of the X, Q and V, the greatest railroad in the east, would have been an epicurean had he lived a small matter of two thousand years ago. For his greatest pleasure in life was to eat. Eating to him was an art, not a formality; a ceremony, not a necessity. Were it anatomically possible, he might have been described as a man whose heart was in his stomach.

One morning late in May, Mr. Boswell, after a poor night's sleep, descended to his breakfast table, as usual. He went through the ceremony of eating his grapefruit and his bacon and eggs and rang for his coffee, which, if properly prepared, was like nectar to him at the end of a perfect meal. The coffee appeared, in color a creamy brown, in odor a rose of beverages. Boswell swallowed once, swallowed twice, and—stopped. A look of mingled surprise and rage spread over his features. For an instant he was incoherent with emotion, and then: "Bring that cook. The nitwit, the numbskull, the scatter-brain, the—the—the—— Bring her here, I say. Oh, there you are. How many lumps of sugar did you put in that coffee? Two?" with rising inflection, and visible, not to say audible wonder and anger at so much assembled density. "Two? Haven't I told you that I always want three? Yes, *three*—one, two, *three*. Get out, now. Get out, I say. Don't stand there like a ninny, a nincompoop—a—a—a——" Words and voice both failed him.

However, after a half hour, he sufficiently mastered his anger to summon the chauffeur.

He reached his office in a short time and, after having growled at the office-boy, glared at the stenographers, and kicked the waste-basket with his gouty toe, and, thereby, having increased the natural sweetness of his present disposition, he was in an excellent frame of mind to greet all his visitors with that diplomatic serenity, that imperturbable calmness for which he was noted.

Chief among his visitors was Leonard Crawford, the head of the National Engineers' Union. Crawford was a high-strung, quick-tempered man, whose purpose in coming to see Boswell was to adjust some difficulties that the engineers had with Boswell's railroad.

Boswell's office-boy announced:

"Leonard Crawford."

"Show him in."

Crawford came in.

"Sit down. What do you want?"

"The engineers think that they have a right to be treated with more consideration. On long runs the food at the rest stations is poor, and the coffee——"

That word brought up once more the scene at breakfast more vividly than ever to Boswell. The anger of that occasion again seized him and he said with a growl:

"No. Won't do a thing."

"But, Mr. Boswell——"

"No."

"A strike——"

"Strike be d—d" (a generally unapproved adjective).

"Very well, Mr. Boswell. You will regret——"

"Don't threaten me. I won't be bulldozed by any union for some imagined grievance. Coffee——" He choked on the word. "Get out of here now and tell those d—d" (the same adjective) "engineers that if they want to call a strike they can, and I'll use every cent of the company and myself to beat them. Get out, now, *get out*."

Crawford got out, but while doing so he decided that his union must strike.

And in due time it did strike, and others followed it. With the result that traffic was at a standstill and commerce was at a halt.

Boswell kept his promise and the great railroad strike resulted.

But from what did it result?

The *absence of a lump of sugar*. Would you believe it? Well, neither would I!



SCHOOL NEWS

CONSTITUTION DAY.

The one hundred and thirty-third anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States occurred on Friday, September seventeenth. An appropriate program was presented by the 4B American History Class. In a selection from Muzzey's American History on "The Making of the Constitution," Miriam Hoffman described the meetings of the Constitutional Convention and the famous men, such as Washington, Franklin, and Pitney, who helped to form this famous document. Sidney Blumberg recited "Franklin's Speech Urging the Ratification of the Constitution." In this speech, Franklin explained what his objections were, but added that from experience he knew that the Constitution which had just been completed represented the best that could then be drawn up.

The school then repeated phrase by phrase, after Mr. Stearns, the preamble to the Constitution. The program was concluded by the school's singing "America the Beautiful."

THE BIRD CLUB.

President—Ruth Kelly.

Secretaries — Dorothy Benjamin, Dorothy Stone.

At the monthly meeting of the Bird Club, in June, an election was held in which the former officers were re-elected.

During the past months, the Bird Club held several interesting outdoor meetings in Branch Brook Park. The members have planned to take trips to the South Orange Mountain Reservation and Eagle Rock. Every one interested in birds is urged to attend the meetings.

SCHOOL NEWS.

On Thursday, September 17, the 4B's held a special meeting. Officers for the new term were elected. Fred Frost, president; Marion Knight, vice-president; Frank Chew, treasurer; Margaret Kohn, secretary. The class is planning for many activities this fall and two committees were appointed for carrying out these plans. In the past the class of June, '21, has been an active class, and if present plans are carried out, the class will this year eclipse its former record.

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE.

The Girls' League is an organization about which every girl ought to know. It was started in February, 1919, by Mrs. Poland in an attempt to bring the girls of Barringer together into a society to which every Barringer girl could belong. Think of it! Every one of us in one big society!

The meetings are held once a month, during Auditorium period, so you are not called on to give up any of your free time. There are no dues, so it is not a drain on your pocketbook. The officers, it is true, are elected only from the Junior A and Senior classes. But then, all you Freshman girls will be 3A's some time and there is a chance for every girl to be an officer of the League.

And now the meetings! We always have interesting ones! Many times outside speakers come who always give us something worth while and something to think about. Then, sometimes, we have little tots to dance or sing for us. Then, too, we often have home talent such as the fashion promenade last June, dresses of every style and fashion from which to choose your summer wardrobe.

It is through this League that you Freshman girls will quickly get in touch with other school activities. So be sure not to miss the first meeting, and be ready to take an active part.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The Science Club plans to make this term one that will be remembered by its members. The programs in the past have been interesting and worth while, due in part to outside speakers. In the coming months this part of the program will be more fully developed.

If you are not yet a member, be sure to join the Science Club at the first opportunity you get.

ROSTRUM.

This term the Rostrum will begin early to prepare for interscholastic debates. The Barringer-East Orange debate showed that we have good material in the school.

All seniors and juniors interested in debating ought to be at the meetings of the Rostrum.

THE ACROPOLIS

BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL.

Mr. W. E. Stearns	69. Miss P. M. Weiss
Miss H. B. Dean	75. Miss C. S. Romer
Miss R. McGrath	76. Mr. F. Cresse
25. Mr. R. Mezger	77. Mr. W. J. Dumm
26. Mr. W. W. King	Lab. Miss H. Tunstead
27. Miss K. E. Rudd	81. Mr. I. K. Ellis
31. Mr. F. I. Losee	82. Mr. J. W. Stevens
32. Mr. H. Pritchard	83. Mr. P. J. Sanders
33. Mr. P. Nicklas	85. Miss E. Hardin
35. Miss M. L. Hewitt	84. Miss T. Skidmore
36. Mr. R. R. Ammarell	86. Mr. H. M. Dann
37. Mr. R. H. Hart	87. Miss E. W. Peck
38. Mr. A. D. Zweibel	91. Mr. R. F. Haulenbeek
39. Miss G. L. Darnell	92. Miss R. S. Brettle
41. Mr. A. V. Taylor	93. Miss E. C. Zangler
42. Miss T. Mancusi-Ungaro	95. Miss M. H. Price
43. Mr. H. G. Snaveley	1. Mr. W. B. Gardner
45. Mr. A. Johnson	2. Mrs. A. A. Vreeland
50. Miss N. Hill	3. Miss A. M. Tozer
51. Mr. M. L. Barr	18. Mr. C. F. Stonesifer
53—Library. Miss M. Dow	90. Mr. R. B. Saylor
55. Miss H. M. Coult	Lab. Miss H. Clarke
56. Miss C. I. Pullin	96. Miss V. G. Bishop
57. Miss M. A. Smith	97. Miss P. J. Rowden
59. Miss K. F. Belcher	98. Miss E. Phillippi
60. Mr. B. S. Haggett	99. Mr. W. L. Noll
61. Mr. J. M. Wood, Jr.	Gym. Miss A. L. Patrick
63. Miss G. S. Grork	" Miss C. E. Decker
64. Mr. W. Milwitzky	" Mr. W. G. Broadhead
65. Miss L. M. North	" Mr. L. H. Field
66. Mrs. O. Caspari	" Mrs. M. E. Gracie
67. Mr. G. W. Stone	

ITALIAN CLUB.

The Italian Club was reorganized February, 1919. Yet in this surprisingly short time it has shown itself to be the liveliest organization in the school. Particularly last term, the Italian Club demonstrated a capability almost versatile. Within the five months, it presented a play, one of Goldini's masterpieces, in the original, the acting rivaling that of the Thaliens, according to Mr. Stearns; held a dance, and gave an entertainment to the I.B.'s and their parents.

Take heed, I.B.'s and others! You are wanted in the Italian Club. Its doors are open to all!

Come all and bring your friends. There are plenty of "big brothers and sisters" waiting for you with outstretched arms.

FACULTY NOTES.

A WELCOME TO THE NEWCOMERS.

THE ACROPOLIS, in the name of Barringer High School, extends a very cordial welcome to the new members of the Barringer Faculty. The five new comers are Mr. R. R. Ammarell, Mrs. R. E. Gracie, Mr. Paul J. Sanders, Mr. Junius W. Stevens, and Miss Alta M. Tozer.

Mr. Ammarell comes to us from Paterson High School, Paterson. At present his home room is 36. He is the first teacher to have a class in the newly prescribed subject, "The Problems of American Democracy." In addition to this, Mr. Ammarell has classes in Economics and Ancient History.

A pleasant surprise greeted the school when a stirring march sounded through the auditorium. Mrs. Gracie is, we hope, firmly established in Barringer as school pianist. She will also play for the marching and drill work in gymnasium.

From one of our competitors for athletic honors comes Mr. Paul J. Sanders. Before coming to Barringer, Mr. Sanders was instructor in Bat-tin High School, Elizabeth. At present, his home room is 83, which lives up to its former reputation as a mathematics room.

"Home again at last" might well have been the thought in the mind of Mr. Stevens as he came to Barringer on the first day of school. Mr. Stevens has now come back to his old school after spending seven years at South Side High. It is his desire to make English periods in his class, which is 82, one of the most interesting in the daily schedule.

The Latin department in Barringer may also boast of a new member. Miss Alta M. Tozer comes to us from Cleveland Junior High School, which is now a year-round school.

THE FACULTY'S MEMORIES OF THE SUMMER

Knowing the interest of the student body in the faculty's various summer diversions, THE ACROPOLIS takes pleasure in giving a brief account of the teachers' summer vacations.

After summer school closed, our Principal, Mr. Stearns, motored to his camp on Lake Champlain. The fishing, he says, was never better. After helping Mr. Stearns hold the summer school fort, Miss McGrath felt she had to take the rest and beach cure at Ocean Grove.

Students who attended summer school found many familiar faces among the faculty. After August twentieth, the teachers all found time to rest up for the fall term. Mr. Stonesifer motored to Warren, Pennsylvania, returning home by way of Buffalo. Mr. Snively took a flying trip to the Middle West, stopping at Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Harrisburg, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago. It seems that he must like to "see America first," judging from that itinerary. Mr. Barr felt he needed extra strength for summer school, so he spent about ten days at Swartswood Lake, New Jersey, hiking and picking berries. Afterward, he too visited in Indiana, not far from the haunts of "The Girl of the Limberlost." Miss North, Miss Clark, and Miss Tunstead might well have called themselves the "Three Little Girls from School." They all were in summer school and all went afterward to Asbury Park. Mr. Hart tells us he was forced to recuperate from his strenuous (!) labors in the B. H. S. summer school library by getting sunburned at Ocean City. Miss Weiss found joy after summer school at Greenwood Lake and also in Vermont. Mr. Dumm and Mr. Saylor both found home a fine place to stay after a busy six weeks. Mr. Ellis thinks that Neponsit, Long Island, is a delightful place to spend one's vacation. Mr. Dann, however, declared that, after summer school, "bringing in the sheaves" on a New York State farm is all that can be desired. When asked how she spent the summer, Miss Zangler said she "just was" in summer school, at Gloucester, Massachusetts—and a lot of other places. Mr. Milwitzky also found Swartswood Lake a very enjoyable retreat from school worries.

Several of our teachers taught during the summer elsewhere. After teaching in the all-year school at Cleveland Junior High, Miss Tozer spent two weeks in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Ammarell taught in the Paterson Summer High School. Mr. Sanders was instructor in the Battin Summer High School. Mr. Zwiebel also taught in Junior High.

Home proved popular with some. Mrs. Vreeland stayed at home with the exception of week-end trips. Mrs. Poland said she also spent the summer quietly at home, as did Miss Romer.

Miss Hewitt, however, believes that "variety is the spice of life." After spending the first part of the summer at home, gardening, canning, and house-cleaning, she spent some time at Gloucester, Massachusetts, then went by stage, trolley, and hiking through the State to Connecticut. Mr. Mezger spent his time mostly at home, reading, occasionally taking a hike.

Mr. Losee gives the following resume of his vacation:

Name: F. I. Losee. Place: Fergusonville, N. Y. Occupation: Loafing. Result: Bliss.

Mr. Nicklas spent his time farming near Pittstown, New Jersey.

As the two who have gone the greatest distance, Miss Darnell and Miss Dow must take the prize. Both sailed for Europe the last of June, and, according to the last report, they intended to visit at least England, France, and Italy.

Miss Decker also has been sailing the deep blue sea. For, after a summer gymnasium course at Central High School, she took a most delightful trip to Bermuda.

Mr. Johnson and Mr. Crosse found their summer homes on Hawthorne Lake, ideal spots for swimming, fishing, and gardening.

A motor trip appealed to Mr. Gardner, so he toured through the Poconos and the region of the Delaware Water Gap, returning home through New York State.

Buffalo and surroundings gave Mrs. Caspari many pleasant memories of her vacation.

Miss Rowden divided her time between the seashore and the country. Ocean Grove and her cabin on Swartswood Lake occupied most of Miss Philippi's vacation days. Miss Bishop believed Mt. Kisco, New York, the best place to spend her summer. New York State also appealed to Mr. Haulenbeek, who divided his time between Bay Shore, Long Island, and the northern Catskills.

The inseparables, Miss Brettle and Miss Grork, spent about a month at Indian Lake. Then, finding they *could* separate for a while, Miss Brettle went to Dannsville, New York, and Miss Grork to Morristown.

Chief Broadhead was at his old camp ground, Chautauqua, New York. It seems to agree with him famously.

Our own State of New Jersey satisfied Miss Hardin, because she spent some time at Sussex, then, for variety, she motored to Lockport and Cambridge, New York.

Miss Hill found her home and the country the two best places to spend her summer.

The New England States seemed to have a strange attraction for many of our teachers. Miss Dean spent only part of her time there,

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.

TESTIMONIALS.

- 4A—Sherman Corwin.
 4B—Helen Walsh.
 3A—Frances Kolodin, Marian Knight, Constance Carpenter, Mary Margaret Barr, Stuart Blodgett, Wallace Fern, Clement Golden, Abe Hochberg, William Koester, Jean Muchmore.
 3B—Mildred Kirk, Stanton Townley, Imre Domoukos, Theodore Rissell.
 2A—Joseph Flanagan, Roland Heyer, Miriam Kolba, Fairlie McNear, Vernon Muchmore, Thelma Ruffkess, Alfred Schiavetti, Henry Venus, Gordon Douglass, Harold Jayson, Henry Matalene, Elizabeth Mingle.
 2B—Sara Weckstein, Charlotte Williams, Frederick Warnecke, Evelyn Battin, Lida Berdell, Richard Graf, Franklin Chattin, Lester Goldman, Selma Fishman, Ellen Pfaff, Helene Rosentreter, Edna Van Duyne.
 1A—Dorothy Vernet, Marie Welsh, Helen Brothers, Franklin Gilbert, Sam Pollock, John Single, Alice Smith, Kelvin Krist, Frederick Wolpert.
 1B—Anna Frey, Malvine Mills, Jennie Weiss, Louis Kessler, Junior Wisa, Ruth Godfrey, Anna Frig, Isabel Schneider, Fred Herron, Adelaide Merrett, Grace Schaeffer, Mabel Walters, Kenneth Gregory, June Kessler, Wesley J. Mapletoft.

PUPILS NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY
FOR THE YEAR.

- Room 25—Harriette Bellah, Beatrice Henny, Vernon Muchmore, Henry Venus, Louis Vitiello.
 Room 26—Anna Johnston, Benjamin Stango.
 Room 33—Dorothy Aierstook.
 Room 37—Walter Stoddart.
 Room 41—Raphael Pellechia, Ellen Pfaff, Edna Van Duyne.
 Room 43—Vincent Thompson.
 Room 50—Angelo Dispensiere, Harold Saul, George Trybulas.
 Room 51—Stuart Blodgett, Ralph Ricciardi.
 Room 55—William Cantalupo, James Woodall.
 Room 56—Florence Caruso, Stella Caruso, Mary Lanzarre, Camille Zarra.
 Room 59—Walter Scott.
 Room 61—Richard Graf, Carmine Lemongello.
 Room 63—Joseph Sliker.
 Room 75—Edwin Sommer.
 Room 76—DeWarren Barnett, Emil Shapiro, Dorothy Baldwin.
 Room 81—Rose Cervasio, Mildred Hardy, James Leslie, Dorothy Vernet.
 Room 82—Edna Maier, Florence Schubarth.
 Room 86—Helen De Vita.
 Room 91—Lavinia Caprio.
 Room 93—Alice Smith, John Single.

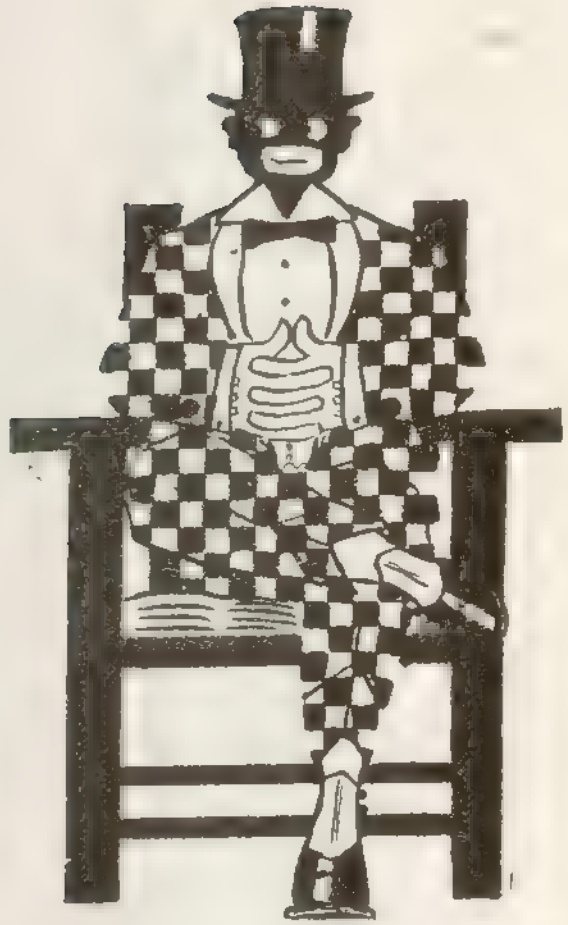
GYMNASIUM HONOR CORDS.

- 3A—Margaret Randall, Margaret Durand, Ruth Gregory, Bessie Grossbach, Miriam Hoffman, Ethel Reichenthal, Annie Dillingham, Bertha Gardiner, Charlotte Stearns, Miriam Klein.
 2A—Margaret Muller, Adeline Streib, Martha Ellin, Josephine McNair, Harriette Bellah, Alberta Hagaman, Viola Muller, Elizabeth Mingle.
 1A—Alice Smith, Ruth Johnson, Anna Di Givolamo, Marie Welsh, Helen Batters, Mildred Green, Minnie Seibling.

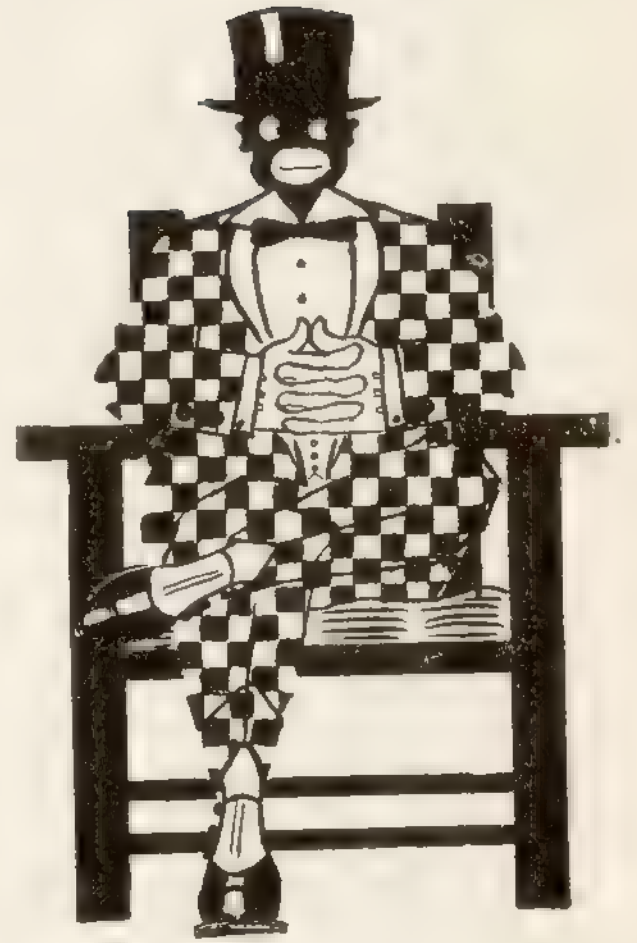
PUPILS NEITHER ABSENT NOR TARDY
FOR THE TERM.

- Room 25—Sara Butensky, Harriette Bellah, Mary De Vausney, Joseph Flanagan, Beatrice Kenny, Vernon Muchmore, Henry Venus, Louis Vitiello.
 Room 26—Joseph George, Anna Johnston, Benjamin Stango.
 Room 32—Theodore Hoppe.
 Room 33—Dorothy Aierstook, Bertha Siegle.
 Room 35—Fred Herron, Grace Schaeffer, Lucy Valor, Frank Vanderhoof.
 Room 36—Alice Johnson, Fred Eitel, Samuel Handelman, Albert Rosenberg.
 Room 37—Edgar Fischer, Harold Jayson, Walter Stoddart, Julius Yackowsky.
 Room 39—Fred J. Wells.
 Room 41—Anthony Di Givolamo, Raphael Pellechia, Ellen Pfaff, Helene Rosentreter, Edna Van Duyne.
 Room 42—Anna Frey, Isabell Schneider, Harry Del Plato.
 Room 43—Vincent Thompson.
 Room 50—Angelo Dispensiere, Charlotte Leach, Harold Saul, George Trybulas.
 Room 51—Wilbur Baldwin, Stuart Blodgett, Constance Carpenter, Wallace Fern, Clement Golden, Ruth Gregory, Abe Hochberg, William Koester, Ralph Ricciardi, Frank Rosamilia.
 Room 55—William Cantalupo, Jas. Woodall.
 Room 56—Florence Caruso, Stella Caruso, Mary Lanzarre, Camille Zarra, Lillian Rappoppi, Julia Esposito.
 Room 57—Charles Meier.
 Room 59—Walter Scott.
 Room 60—Frank Busse, Lester Goldman.
 Room 61—Richard Graf, Caroline Hahn, Carmine Lemongello.
 Room 63—Joseph Sliker, Frederick Warnecke, Joseph Ciccone, William Altman.
 Room 65—Edward Brigden, Raymond Ryers, Mary Crowe.

Continued on Page Thirty.



Well, Mr. Bones?



Freshman Impressions of Barringer

Barringer to a IB pupil looks like a long trail with many hardships.

We think Barringer High School is the best professional school.

There were big men and women and I thought they were teachers until I found out that they were students.

The school looks beautiful from outside and inside. In the inside of the school are hung many beautiful pictures. Some of them are pictures of baseball players, football players, basketball players, and others.

When it is 5 minutes to 9 a bell rings. (All bells are rung by batteries.)

When the teacher called me Miss S——, I flushed to the roots of my hair. It seemed so absurd for a man to call a little girl like me "Miss."

A great many bells helped to add to the noise, too.

As I entered the middle door, I thought the proper courtesy would be to go into the office

to have a little chat with Mr. Stearns and tell him how glad I was to be in Barringer; but I concluded that with 350 other IB's, including my 5 friends, that it would take 1,750 minutes or 29 1-6 hours or 6 school days, so I thought I'd wait until the school got organized.

As I am farther away from home, I have to carry a lunch, which I like.

My opinion of Barringer is that it is *the* school for model students.

The building seemed like the labyrinth built by Daedalus, with no end to it.

The next morning school started, but I was ashamed to go in on account of my beautiful haircut.

Now I know part of the building and can get along very nicely without being lost by any one.

After the first period we immediately began another hunt for the room for the next period.

The building is so large that I have to run around the hall two or three times in order to find my classroom.

HEARD IN LUNCH-ROOM.

Blodgett—I wonder why all this food is burnt?
Yates—Oh, I wouldn't kick. We have to make sacrifices in these hard times.

Stuart—Yes, but need it be a burnt offering?

HEARD IN 43.

Teacher—Your explanation is about as clear as mud.

Stude (defiant)—Well, that covers the ground, anyway.

He—Have you read "Freckles"?

She (quickly)—Oh, no; that's only my veil.

TRUTH.

He—Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

She—Yes, and so do presents.

Elizabeth Wehner—I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears about your exams.

Arline (whose father is on a trip)—No, I wired him last night.

Lecturer—My friends, I am now half through my subject, but as I perceive your impatience, let me tell you that the remaining half is not a quarter as long as the half you have just heard.

"But, Sam, what do those letters U. S. N. A., on dat uniform, mean?"

Sam—"Whah dat means Uncle Sam's Niggah Army."

PROCTOR'S LATEST SIGN.

Pass away some quiet evening here.

Mr. Barr—Put the word chauffeur in a sentence.

IB—He gives very little show for his size.

Dot Hill—Did you know the young man I was walking with?

I. T.—No, did you?

We wonder if all the IB's know where to find the elevator to the fifth floor. If not, call at Sanctum for information.

A—What's a sardonic grin?

B—Oh, that's the kind the school wears a week before it opens.

There was a young girl from the city,
Who knew she was not very pretty;
But, though bashful and shy,
She could work both her eyes—
This retiring young maid from the city.

We see that John Olwine has a new green necktie. Congratulations are now being received.

Wanted: Two candidates to fill the places of the heavenly twins, since Bishop and Cairns have graduated. Applicants inquire at the Sanctum.

Vacation now is over,
October's drawing night;
And now to school all winter
I fear that I must hie.

Two Barringerites, hiking through the White Mountains this summer, stopped at a farmhouse for a drink. The lady, seeing their dusty khaki, said: "You dirty bums, I know just the lie you're going to tell—that you were to the front——"

Barringerite—Yes, we were to the front, but we couldn't get in, so we came 'round to the back."

IN CENTER MARKET.

Arline A—Can you tell me where the onion counter is?

Fresh Clerk—Three sniffs to the right.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When all of us are back at school,
With books and teachers near.

Mr. Noll—What is the unit of electric power.
Gladys Rithous—Watt.

Mr. Noll—If you'd been paying attention, you would have heard my question.

UNEEDEA SALTINE.

Annie Lillingham (in A. & P.)—I'd like a pound of sardines loose.

Clerk—Say, this is a grocery store, not a fish market.

Munn—I tell you frankly, now, I can't pay for this suit until next year.

Tailor—All right.

Ted—When will it be finished?

Tailor—Next year.

Anna Johnston—Is there anything out of the ordinary to see in this village?

Innkeeper—Yes, ma'am. There's a lot of city folks stopping here this summer.

Eleanor—Did you ever hear "The Call of the Wild"?

Raymond—Well, I've heard the honk of these sixty-mile-an-hour autos.

Employer—You're not afraid of early hours, are you?

Congleton—No, sir. You can't close too early for me.

Metzger—Why was the ankle placed between the foot and the knee?

Brigden—To keep the calf away from the corn.

Kaddie—What kind of leather makes the best shoes?

Jean—I don't know; but banana skins make good slippers.

H. C. OF L.

Stevens—Why did the cannon kick?

Fannan—I guess they charged it too much.

Teacher—In what language did Scott write?
Mary Cairns—Scottish brogue.

Betty—I've an awful cold in my head.

Elizabeth—That's lucky.

Betty—Lucky! Why?

Elizabeth—You're lucky to have anything in it.

Mr. Haggett—Where was this treaty signed?

Chadsey—At the bottom.

HEARD LAST JUNE.

This exam. will be conducted under the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows.

THE USUAL RESULT.

Newlywed—What makes that water so hot, Bridget?

Bridget—I don't know, ma'am, unless 'cause it's been running.—Ex.

He—My heart is on fire with love for you. My very soul is aflame.

She (just a little bored)—Papa will put you out.

Gansler—Do you know popularity depends upon how we treat our friends.

Vogel—Yes, and how often.

Mr. Saylor—What happens when there is an eclipse of the moon?

Miss Crogan—A great many people come out to look at it.

Freshman—I don't see why you reject my story. Isn't it punctuated properly?

Editor—Oh, yes, but as far as I can see there isn't any other point to it.

First Fellow—What brand of cigars do you like best?

Second Fellow—The brand you have in your pocket.

IN ENGLISH 51.

Mr. Barr—How many of you have seen "Everywoman"?

Bright Stude—I've seen a good many, but I don't think I've seen them all.

Miss Dean—How many pupils study here fifth period?

Miss Weiss—About half.

Wood—What you say just goes in one ear and out the other.

Congleton—Impossible!

Wood—Why?

Congleton—Sound can't cross a vacuum, you know.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN SIGNS?

"I will put you in a furnace for \$100."

"Picture framing and embalming neatly done."

"Fishermen, buy your bait at the ice cream parlor."

"Kids cleaned. Any size. Ten cents. Bring 'em in."

"Newark Harness Co. Manufacturers of second-hand harness."

"C. Shore. Sand and Gravel."

Ruth Crogan—Do you expect to catch anything in that filthy pond?

Little Boy—No, ma'am. I've been vaccinated.

If Mississippi borrowed Missouri's New Jersey, what would Delaware?

Lady (to colored servant)—I've told you several times, Lily, to put your hand over your mouth when you yawn.

Lily—Yas'm; but last time I got bit.

Mr. Saylor—Why didn't Archimedes discover the law of gravity in one of his previous baths?

Miss Elkins—Probably it was the first bath he ever took.

Albrecht—I'm a self-made man.

Bauchelle—Gee, but that relieves the Almighty of a great responsibility.

Frost—Since I have come to Newark the city has been greatly beautified.

We're always happy,
We're never sad,
We're *never* nappy,
We're *always* glad;
Our jokes are funny,
They're worth a hoard.
Who are we, sonny?
The Personal Board.

IN ENGLISH.

Arthur wasn't recognized on account of his knight clothes.

As fish run in schools, the bookworm would seem the proper bait for them.

He that wisheth to rise with the sun must not sit up too late with the daughter.

There is a young lady named Anne,
Who bluffs all her work, when she can;
But now the end's come,
She has to work some.
She takes Latin now with Mr. Dann.

Barcklay—Hush! My foot's asleep.

Mr. Clarke—Frances, hasn't that young man gone yet?

Frances—No, dad.

Young Man—Your father is a crank.

Mr. Clarke—Well, sometimes a crank is good when you haven't a self-starter.

Man (giving Ruth Soden driving lessons)—And this is the brake, the thing we put on in case of any emergency.

Ruth—Oh, yes—a sort of a kimono.

THE ACROPOLIS

THE HIGH AND MIGHTY SENIOR.

I.

Oh, to be a high and mighty Senior!
Gazing down on every one below!
Oh, to look with scorn upon a "Freshie"!
That's what Seniors always do, you know.

II.

Even every haughty, learned Junior
Seems like no one when with them compared.
Sophomores are not to be considered;
None are by the mighty Senior spared.

III.

And when I at last become a Senior,
'Tis probable that I shall do the same.
When I really come to think about it,
There's not one single Senior that I blame.

Chief (to Lester)—What would you do in a
fencing match if your opponent fainted?

Lester—I'd tickle him with the point to see if
he was shamming.

Many disastrous conflagrations have resulted
from overheated insurance policies.

Many actors who have had to be artful dodgers
in the past must have smiled when they read this
newspaper headline: "Fruits and Vegetables Hit
New Low Mark."

A girl isn't always admiring herself when she
looks in a mirror. Sometimes she is wondering
what to do about it.

"Washout in Virginia."—Headline. May be
worth a news item down there, but in Newark
our wash is out every hour of the day.

Alice—I don't find cooking a bit difficult.
He—Yes, but how about the family?

IB—Naw, I don't want to fight you.

IA—Why doncha, fraid-cat?

IB—'Cause my ma would find it out.

IA—Aw, how could she?

IB—She'd see the doctor going to your house.

Wasn't it a good thing that folks had near
neighbors in the auditorium music test last term?
From appearances, more than one guy must have
had a stiff neck.

Mike and Jim traveled for hours towards
Washington Monument, getting no nearer it.
Finally, in desperation, Mike said: "Jim, will
you go this way and I'll go that, 'n' if you get
there first you make a cross and if I get there
first, I'll rub it out.

Lady (in market)—What have you in the
shape of cucumbers this morning?

Fresh Clerk—Nothing but bananas, ma'am.

Olwine—That's a nifty looking silk shirt you
got on, Pete.

Doremus—That's not silk; that's a get-rich-
quick Boston shirt.

Olwine—How's that?

Pete—Ponzi (pongee).

Louise Jewett (translating Latin)—While
hunting in the forest, he pierced the stag in the
heart.

Mr. King (not understanding)—Where did he
pierce the stag?

Louise—In the forest.

HEARD OUTSIDE 81.

Two IB's, who apparently had climbed up
from 1st floor and much out of breath—Oh,
dear, and we've got another floor to go yet.

IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

Stude (describing Doric column)—And the
top of the pillar was a square base.

A—What you wearing that toothbrush for?

B—That's my class pin.

A—How do you get that way?

B—Oh, I graduated from Colgate.

CHEERFUL THOUGHT.

When you're down in the mouth, think of
Jonah. He came out all right.

He—What are you thinking about?

She—Nothing.

He (absently)—Oh, you flatter me.

No wonder ribbon is so high. Look at the
IB's.

Miss Belcher (in history)—Would you like to
live in Egypt?

M. Furman—Oh, no; it's too dry.

She—How kind of you to bring me these
lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh.
I think there is some dew on them.

He (in great embarrassment)—Yes, there is;
but I'm going to pay it off to-morrow.

De Voe—We have a lilac bush in our yard
30 feet high.

Frost—I wish I could lilac that!

IB—What is the difference between an artis
and an artisan, Mr. Hart?

Mr. Hart—An artisan, my boy, can alway
make about forty-five dollars a week.

Father—Son, I want you to go get me som
eightpenny nails.

Son (returning)—They didn't have any eigh
cent nails, dad, so I got some ten-cent ones.



Athletics

REPORT REVIEW 1919-1920

FOOTBALL.

Barringer, always particularly strong in football, did not throw precedent to the winds, but started the 1919 football season with the usual dash and pep. In answer to "Chief" Broadhead's call for men, a host of experienced material and a lot of green men responded. The football season of 1919 was one of the greatest if not the greatest in the history of Barringer athletics, and the memory of that record will linger long in the mind of every one the least bit interested in Barringer. Such a wealth of material did the "Chief" have at hand ready to hurry into action, that, even the matter of injuries and sickness did not imperil the team's effectiveness. The season came, lingered a while, then went, and there was still doubt in the mind of "Chief" as to the best combination.

The season started with a 7 to 0 defeat handed to us by Lawrenceville School, one of the strongest prep. schools in the East, after Barringer had shown that she had the makings of a wonderful machine. The defeat was therefore no disgrace, for it acted as a tonic, as the rest of the schedule shows. Then Phillipsburg, the State champions of 1918, were met and defeated by the score of 14-0. The "Chief" determined to start a scrub against Lincoln High, and our scrubs were allowed to play around with the Jersey City boys until three quarters were over and neither team had scored. Then our regular eleven was rushed

into the fray for a little action—result: Barringer 21, Lincoln 0. But the world knows we were just a "little" more than 21 points better than that team. Then, due to a very unfortunate accident, the Central team, with whom we were scheduled to play, cancelled all their games, and we were left without an opponent. Just then the boys from St. Benedicts were also without a game, and so the two "B" authorities got together and Barringer, after a lapse of many years, was due to lock horns again with St. Benedicts. The "Saints" hadn't been defeated in how many seasons, either on gridiron, gym floor, or diamond? When the smoke had cleared and our linemen and backs were all in from scoring touchdowns, and little McKim was all hoarse from barking signals so fast that those wearers of the maroon were dizzy and bewildered—then the score board read: Barringer 41, St. Benedicts 0. When the boys had rested up a week by having daily scrimmages conducted by "Chief"—old man Pluvius, the man who causes it to rain always at the wrong time, drenched the gridiron up in City Field somethin' scandalous—and we splattered mud and a 19 to 0 defeat all over the Dickinson boys from Jersey City in a N. J. I. A. A. League game. Then came the game that had newspapers and rooters of South Side High talking for a month—the latter, however, are still talking amongst themselves, 'cause nobody else will listen. Barringer was silent

when that game ended 21 to 0 in South Side's favor. Another N. J. I. A. A. League game was played in Montclair, which Barringer won by the score 21—0. Barringer then kalsomined East Side's eleven with a 48 to 0 whitewash, and thereby avenged a defeat which East Side handed us in 1917 right before our annual conflict with East Orange, which game needed, as it always does, our full strength. You know it has been said that Barringer would rather beat East Orange than be champions of the world—and in 1919, Barringer turned the trick in wonderful style. The victory, 29—7, gave Barringer indisputable right to the N. J. I. A. A. League championship and New Jersey State championship. This is the last football team that "Chief" Broadhead will be actively responsible for, but we know, as every one else does, that the "Chief" will never allow the love he has for the blue and white to die within him. He will still be a source of help and inspiration to our teams. Mr. Pritchard, a member of our faculty and a former Swarthmore football player, is to take hold of the reins and direct the team through a hard schedule. Under such a capable leader as Capt. "Addy" Poland, we may confidently expect another team which will be worthy of wearing the Barringer uniform. The whole school wishes the team the best of luck—they're all with you—go out and eat 'em up; and remember that the breaks of the game go to the team that fights the hardest!

TRACK 1920.

Barringer showed the whole eastern portion of the United States, in 1920, that she could produce track material which could equal our football successes. Such good material represented Barringer on track and field that they were able to annex a national indoor championship, a New Jersey State championship, two league championships, namely, the N. J. I. A. A. and Newark High School championships, and successes in other track meets, including the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival. The three big guns on the team, Capt. Woostroff, McKim, and Kirby, established many records in their performances, and altogether Barringer was represented by a team that was built and started by that bashful "gent," Jimmy Cavanaugh, and held together, developed, and conditioned by no other than "Chief" Broadhead. So in one year Barringer annexed two State trophies—in football and in track.

The indoor season started with the Erasmus Hall High School meet in Brooklyn; and Barringer won this meet with 19 points, over such classy representations as those of Mercersberg, Newark Central, Manual Training High School of New York, Poly Prep of Brooklyn, and others too numerous to mention. With only this meet in which to figure how his men were taking to their special events, "Chief" led his men to compete

in one of the many high spots in the track schedule—the Central meet, the winning of which signifies national indoor supremacy. In spite of the fact that it was so early in the season for such an important meeting, Barringer was declared a winner over such mighty schools in track athletics as Central, our local rival; Dickinson, Worcester Academy, De La Salle Institute, Poly Prep, Mercersberg Academy, McBurney School, Lawrenceville School, and a host of others. The schedule then called for a meet in New York City promoted by the DeWitt Clinton High School. In this meet Barringer caused the complete rout of every school entered—and there were men from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, and a lot of places we never heard of—but suffice it to say they were there! Our boys sure did cart home enough metal in the form of medals and cups that day. Barringer garnered 36 points, while Stuyvesant lagged way behind with 9, Central with 8, St. Benedicts with 7, DeWitt Clinton with 7, Poly Prep with 7, Manual, Erasmus, Fordham Prep with 6, 3, and 3, respectively. New York newspapers were loud in their praises, and some were frank enough to admit that they wondered where Newark, N. J., was, and whether Barringer was a small college or really a high school. They all know now! The "Chief," who knows all there is to know about the conditioning of athletic material, eased the boys up a little after this meet, and we took third place in the point score, but we took a lot more away from that Jersey City Armory in the form of experience for the inexperienced. As far as regular team competition goes, the indoor season closed with this meet. However, at the American Legion games, our mile relay team showed their heels to the Central quartette in a race that was all Barringer.

A little rest and a change in atmospheric conditions and the boys were whooping it up on the cinders. The outdoor season also started with a win. Barringer captured the twenty-first annual Preparatory School track meet at New York University, with 30 points. Stuyvesant High followed with 18, Sheffield School of Connecticut with 13, Poly Prep with 11½, DeWitt Clinton, De La Salle, and Fordham Prep, all of New York, with 10 points scored. That same evening the "Chief" took our team down to the Osceola Club meet held in the Seventh Regiment Armory in New York City. Unsatisfied with a hard day's work that afternoon, these boys showed that they were gluttons for work, by winning the mile interscholastic relay handicap, from scratch. Barringer and De La Salle ran from the honor mark; while Poly Prep and Flushing enjoyed liberal handicaps. McKim, Byrne, Dallanegra, and Bane were the men who carried the blue and white to victory, five yards in front of Poly Prep, our nearest rivals. We entered still another man in this meet. Kirby just couldn't sit around and

watch other fellows racing around the track, so the "Chief" allowed him to run in the mile handicap with an allowance of forty-five yards. To the surprise of all, he breezed home a winner by more than twenty yards; negotiating the distance in 4 min. 35 sec. Helfenstein, Loughlin Lyceum, was second with a seventy-five-yard handicap, while Courage, N. Y. A. C., was third with a ten-yard allowance. A few men were then sent to Philadelphia to compete in the Pennsylvania relay carnival. Barringer had to be contented with second place in the mile relay championship of America, only because a certain individual, Kappisch by name, from Masten Park High, Buffalo, New York, was clocked in the exceedingly fast time of 49 1-5 seconds for his quarter, which is one of the most remarkable schoolboy performances yet seen on a track. Koppisch came to "Philly" with a wonderful reputation and a junior 600-yard championship on his belt, but this performance went far ahead of all his former exhibitions. Barringer also finished in third place in the medley relay championship of America. While Barringer was only third, still two of the strongest prep. schools in the country, namely Exeter Academy and Huntington School of Boston, turned the trick with no disgrace to Barringer, the first high school to finish the race. While these men were struggling at Philadelphia, a Barringer reserve team was competing in Lawrenceville at that school's annual track meet. Only a handful of Barringer athletes secured second place in the team standing; ahead of such institutions as Peddie, Tome, Bethlehem Prep, Haverford and Trenton High. Our next encounter occurred at Princeton and resulted in a victory, with 36 points, which was enough to defeat Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., second with 23 5-6 points; Worcester, third with 23 1/2; Lawrenceville, fourth with 18 2-3; and about thirty other high and prep. schools. Barringer sent only five men up to Ithaca, N. Y., to compete in the Cornell interscholastics, but she collected a lion's share of the points and came second to Mercersberg, who captured the meet with a full track team. Five boys scoring 36 points isn't so very bad. Next, the boys "choo-chooed" to New Haven, Conn., and cleaned up everything in sight in the Yale interscholastics, in which there were 345 entries from 33 schools. The points were so widely distributed that Barringer's 29 points were enough to win the meet, although it was a nip and tuck affair with the Hill School athletes, who came all the way from Pennsylvania to take second place with 27 1/2 points. We took the State title at Rutgers in New Brunswick from a large field of New Jersey schools, and turned a similar trick at the Newark High School championship, in which Barringer vanquished Central. The N. J. I. A. A. championship came next, and ended a year

of sport successes which surpassed any of Barringer's previous records.

BASEBALL 1920.

In spite of the fact that the success of our baseball team is nothing to write home to mother about, still the team performed in a style which was gratifying. The team was sorely in need of the veterans who won the State championship in 1919, but who were lost through graduation. Mr. Wood had all he could do to put a team on the field which would play ball as he wished them to. However, this year prospects are good. All of the men who played ball for us are back in school, with the exception of Dallanegra and Schwer. The team went through a difficult schedule, scoring 7 successes to 8 defeats.

A. A.

Membership in the Athletic Association is open to all boys of Barringer. All wishing to become members should apply to Mr. Johnson in Room 45 for a membership card. A member of the A. A. may attend all monthly meetings of the Association. At an A. A. meeting all matters regarding athletics are discussed.

If you would like to see Barringer well represented in athletics, as in the past, join the A. A.

BARRINGER.

By E. A. SLADE.

To whom belongs the blue and white—
The sense of honor and of right—
The pow'r to win in any fight?
To Barringer!

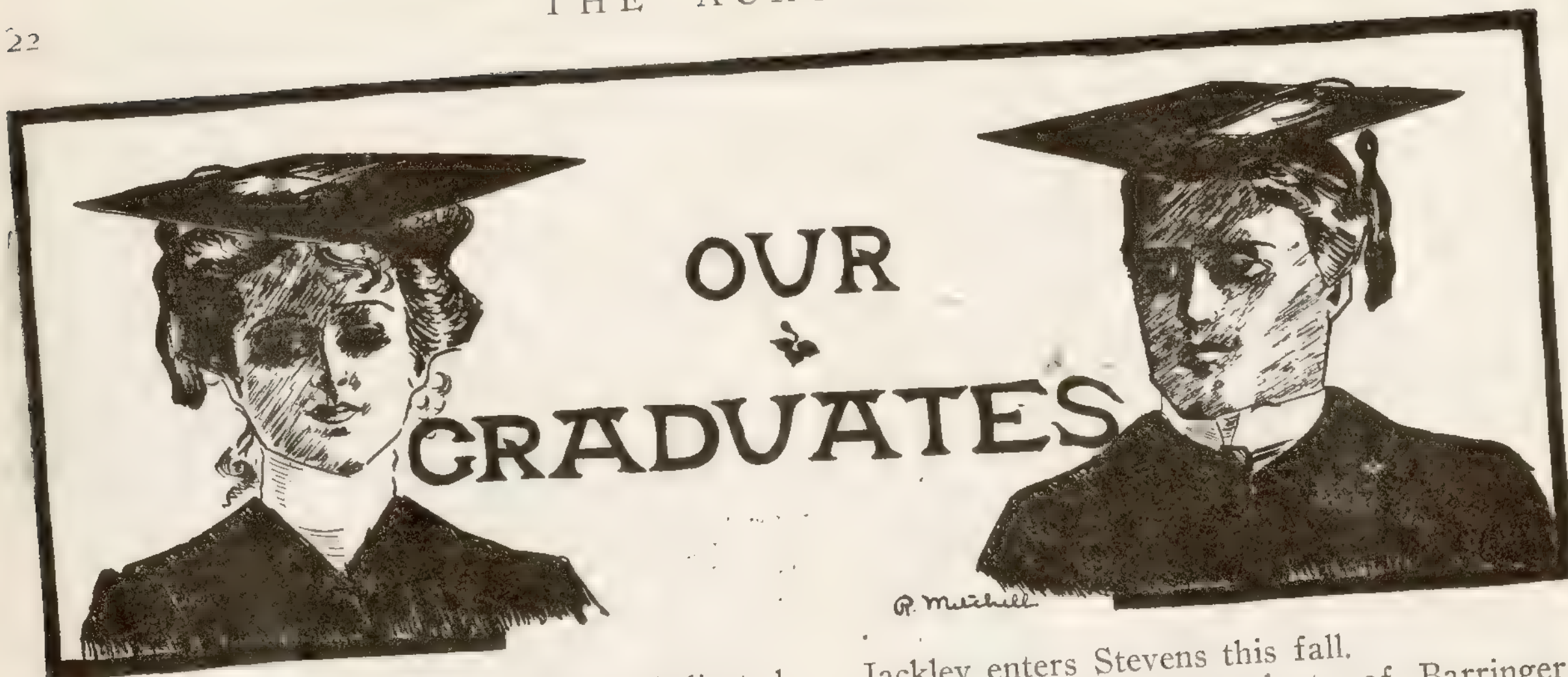
By whom is many a victory won—
Opponents conquered and undone—
By whom are tasks performed as fun?
By Barringer!

For whom should we be at our best—
Stick to it and pass the test—
Go at it with vim and zest?
For Barringer!

THE PINES.

Tall, silent, sorrowful,
Like sentinels of armies they stand;
Strong, unyielding, unconquerable,
The masters of all forest land;
Gaunt, bleak, and mysterious,
Like ghosts in the night they seem;
Noble, stately, majestic,
I see them as kings in my dream;
Singing, crying, moaning,
As the wind through their limbs doth blow;
Brave, bold, and courageous,
Afraid not of any foe—
The best the forest can offer,
And the forest holds much in its fold.

V. Bjorkman, Jr.



Since this issue of THE ACROPOLIS is dedicated to "those who have recently come among us," a little information to the IB's concerning their education may be of value to them in the future. In August, 1918, the Board of Education established the Newark Junior College. This institution offers an excellent opportunity for Barringer students to secure more than a High School education. Here one may obtain courses which are the equivalent of the freshman and sophomore years at the standard universities. The courses offered cover the first two years of the work leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, and Chemical, Mechanical and Civil Engineering. Also the first two years of the pre-medical, pre-journalistic, and secretarial courses are offered by the college. Books and tuition are free to residents of Newark. Students may enter in either February or September. If you are interested and wish further information, address Dr. Thomas F. Kennedy, Newark Junior College.

One of the members of this department met "Red" Eisenberg, June, '20. "Red" is going to U. of P. this fall to study medicine. He was greatly perplexed as to how to observe the rules laid down for freshmen. He has to carry toothpicks and matches for all upper classmen. Good idea! How about the IB's carrying erasers and chalk for the "Silly Seniors"?

Louis Kanangeiser, "Barringer Fat Boy," not content with completing the Arts course at N. Y. U. in three and one-half years and thereby winning a Phi Beta Kappa key, is now spending a year in research work at N. Y. U. to secure material for his thesis. Lou was admitted along with another "Bright Barringerite," Albert Biederman, into the Tau Epsilon Phi Fraternity. Lou expects to teach chemistry at N. Y. U.

Marjorie Lee, a former Barringer student, graduated from Smith in June.

Julia Clark, B. H. S., '17, completed her course at Elmira College.

Dave Hummell is still making out well at Rochester.

Jackley enters Stevens this fall. Marion Bardslay, a graduate of Barringer, finished her course at Savage's and is now an instructor at Cranford, N. Y.

"Mutzy" Friedman and "Lou" Huckman go to N. Y. Dental College.

"Mick" Hummell is practically assured of a berth on Lafayette's 'varsity team.

All queries concerning former undergraduates will please be left in the Acropolis Box in the office, directed to the chairman of this department.

Dorothy Van Emburgh, '20, is in training at the City Hospital.

Grace Cairns, '18, has nearly completed her course at the City Hospital, while her sister, Ruth Cairns, '19, enters Adrian College, Adrian, Michigan, this fall.

Emma Antz, '18, is now a member of the faculty at Fifteenth Avenue School.

Ralph Reichenthal, '20, has given up ragtime and will devote his energies to the study of classical music.

Gary Skeels, of the class of January, '20, is "studying" chemical engineering at the Newark Junior College. Gary expects to enter Lehigh University in September, 1921.

Paul Whitfield, of the class of January, '20, is going to enter Wesleyan this fall. Our ex-cheerleader will be just in time to make use of his lungs on college football.

Montfort Dill, of the class of January, '20, has been studying in a local law office. "Fat" expects to enter the New York Law School this fall.

William Saunier, a Barringer graduate, has completed a course in engineering at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and is now working in New York State.

Herbert Hanser, of the class of '10, is doing Y. M. C. A. work with the French Army in France.

Margaret Mashek enters Cornell this fall.

"Duke" Spinning is engaged to be married.

Exchanges

In this our first issue of the term, I wish, as the exchange editor, to appeal to all of our contemporary editors of school papers, to exchange with us. Each month THE ACROPOLIS will be sent to all who desire it, and we hope that the exchange editors will make some helpful criticisms on our paper. In turn, we shall be glad to offer suggestions and to receive school publications with which we have not previously exchanged.

THE ACROPOLIS wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:

"Stetson Oracle," Stetson High School, Randall, Mass.

"Tuskegee Student," Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

"Speed Up," Newark Bay Shipyard.

HONOR ROLL FOR JUNE

Continued from Page Five.

- 2B Room 41. Helene Rosenstreter.
Room 61. Evelyn Baltin, Lida Bedell, Richard Graf, Franklin Chattin, Miriam Elin.
Room 60. Philip Freda, Lester Goldman, Harry Jeffries, Viola Mueller.
Room 66. Sara Weckstein, Charlotte Williams.
Room 85. Benjamin Hill.
- 1A Room 95. Vincent Greaves, Kelvin Krist, Harriet Smith, Frederick Wolpert.
Room 93. Helen Brothers, John Single, Alice Smith.
Room 81. Dorothy Vernet.
Room 43. Sidney Goldman, Vincent Thompson.
- 1B Room 92. Louis Kessler, Malvine Mills, Jennie Weiss.
Room 39. Wesley Mapletoft.
Room 87. Frank Noll.
Room 42. Anna Fieg, Isobell Schneider.
- P.G. Room 36. Wendell Fitzgerald, Gordon Rogers.

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A SONG AT EVENING.

Continued from Page Six.

"A splendid age to start training."

"But I couldn't do it," she answered faintly.

"Why not?" the kindly old man asked gently.

"My—face," Marion whispered.

"Your face? I don't understand."

"Haven't you noticed?" Marion's eyes were wide with wonder. "The frightful ugliness—and this mark—across my cheek!"

Doctor Grant smiled tenderly and patted her hand.

"My dear, what of that? The 'frightful ugliness,' as you say, of one's face does not mar one's soul. It is not one's face or figure that makes one beautiful—it is one's soul—and for that are we loved, or hated." He paused and studied the face beside him silently. "A happy smile and a contented heart add beauty to one's countenance, and no mark can mar it."

"How wonderful you are! I do feel much happier than I've felt in a long time," she said softly.

"Service makes one happy, and in no way, to my mind, can a man or woman be of more service than as a doctor or a nurse. Will you come to-morrow in the sunlight and sing to all these men? They watch for you every night."

"Yes, I'll come. I'll never again be afraid of the sunlight, or afraid to have folks see my face, because I am happy and I want to make them so. Good night."

She hurried home; but the next day she came back and sang to the men who waited so eagerly for her. Grenfell sent for her.

"I want to thank you for what you did last night for me. I've been so lonely—here in the dark—alone—seeing nothing—unable to do—so I began to paint in my mind a picture of you. How beautiful you are—how good and kind. Your voice is so sweet—so soft and soothing. Every night I wait for your song. It is so like a good-night blessing. Will you sing for me, now? I am so tired," his voice had grown weak, but he smiled from out of his lonely darkness.

Marion was sobbing, yet it made her so happy to feel that at last she was of some "earthly use"—that she could be of service. So she sang, very softly, very tenderly, until Grenfell fell asleep.

Doctor Grant secured permission for Marion to go into training as a nurse under him, because her new friends did not want her to leave them. She was supremely happy—and her "frightful ugliness" was unnoticed, all disfigurements blotted out by her cheery, happy smile and sparkling eyes; by her little acts, so full of friendly understanding and kindness. And every night, just as darkness fell and the shades were drawn, came her song that was "so like a good-night blessing."

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Mr. Barr—What are you planting?

Mr. Noll—Potatoes.

Mr. Barr—I set onions in my garden and carrots came up!

Mr. Noll—I set an acre of turnips and do you know what came up?

Mr. Barr—No!

Mr. Noll—A black donkey and ate them up.

Vogel—This is a fine country, Charlie.

Charlie—Why, the other day I asked about sending a \$10 money order and the man told me I could send a \$10 one for 10 cents.

Chief—That's a peculiar looking bruise you have on the back of your neck.

Addy—I'm subject to those. You see, I play in an orchestra.

Chief—I don't see how that causes it.

Addy—I sit directly in front of the man who plays the slide trombone.

Gansler (standing at a door where two dogs were carved out of granite)—How often do they feed those dogs?

Gardner—When they bark.

Mr. Stearns reading about a shipwreck with loss of all on board)—I'm sorry for the sailors!

Charlotte—I'm not. I'm sorry for the passengers. The sailors are used to being drowned.

Anne Bishop (to new iceman)—My mother isn't home now, but you can leave the ice and she'll pay you Saturday.

Iceman—But suppose she hasn't got the money then?

Anne—Well, you can take the ice back, then.

Estelle (to a suitor of limited means)—If I marry, it will be a suitor whose fortune has at least five ciphers in it.

He—Then I've got you. Mine is all ciphers.

HEARD IN THE LUNCH-ROOM.

You say the chicken soup isn't good? Why, I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea.

Diamond—No; I think she didn't catch the chicken.

Van's Brother—Aaron, I'm going to leave school and become a school teacher.

Aaron—You can't do it. You don't know enough.

His Brother—You don't have to know enough. All you have to do is ask questions.

Addy—Our new cook tells me she used to be an assistant to a modiste.

Mrs. Poland—Thank goodness! Then she'll know how to dress the salad properly.

"Tremendous crowd up at our church last night."

"New minister?"

"No, it was burned down."—Ex.

Caller—Please don't bother to see me to the door.

Hostess—Really, it's no bother at all.

While spending his vacation in Maine last summer, a teacher lent a translation of Plato to one of his rustic neighbors; and when the Yankee farmer returned it he did it with this characteristic remark: "I see Plato has a good many of my ideas."

"I wish now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory."

A wail in the audience: "Has it come to that?"

RIGHT WITH THE TIMES.

"Madam, you have had three husbands, now," said her legal adviser, "and every one of them either went crazy or turned out to be worthless. And yet you are thinking of marrying again!"

"Yes, sir," answered the fair client; "what I think I've got now is a safe and sane fourth."

TALE ABOUT THE RETORT COURTEOUS!

Jake Herrmann—I had a pretty bad fall once, when I fell out of a window, and on the way down I thought of every mean act I had ever done.

Jack Olwine—You must have fallen some distance.

SHE GOT IT WRONG.

A lady observed a small boy sprinkling sawdust on the ice to prevent pedestrians from falling. "That's real benevolence, my little man," declared the good lady.

"No, 'tain't," growled the boy indignantly. "It's sawdust."

THE RIGHT MAN.

Orderly—I hear you don't believe in the Ten Commandments.

Jean Miller—Not one, sir.

Orderly—What! Not the rule about keeping the Sabbath?

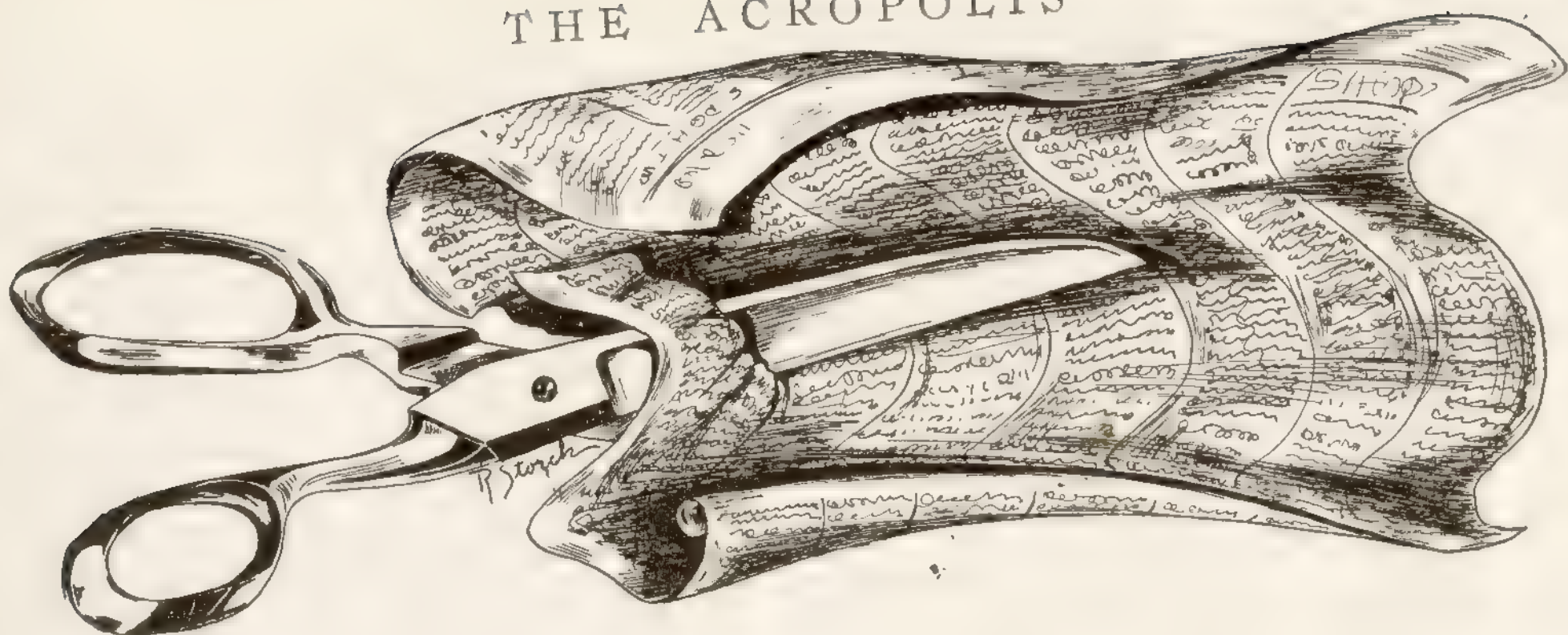
Jean—No, sir.

Orderly—Good. You're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteen.

LATIN TRANSLATION OFFERED BY MISS DENTON

"Animamque nepotes his saltem adaccumulem donis."

Let me adorn the salty soul of my descendant with these gifts.



SHEAR WIT

Miss Coult—If you meet Hamilton, tell him I want to see him.

Lester—What shall I tell him if I don't meet him?

Westreich—I heard you were on strike, Ed.

Stevens—Yes, I struck for shorter hours.

Tom—Did you get them?

Ed—I'm working the whole 24 now.

Tom—At what?

Ed—Looking for work.

Mr. Snavelly—What are you doing, trying to copy?

IB—No, sir! I'm trying not to copy.

Mr. Saylor—I bought a new hat for my wife and ran all the way home with it.

Mr. Dunn—What did you run for?

Mr. Saylor—I was afraid the styles would change before I got home.

Anna B—When I read about some of those wonderful inventions in electricity it makes me think a little.

Mr. Saylor—Yes, isn't it wonderful what electricity will do?

Dorothy Stone—I've just been stung by one of your bees. What are you going to do about it?

Beekeeper—If you first show me which bee it was, I'll punish the horrid thing severely.

Greacen—Take two letters from money and one will be left.

Baldwin—Is that a joke?

Greacen—Yes!

Baldwin—Well, I knew a fellow who took money from two letters and it was no joke. He got two years.

Mr. Taylor—Well, Mr. Saylor, what kind of a bird have you brought to the lab. this time?

Mr. Saylor—A raven.

Mr. Taylor—What do you want a bird like that for?

Mr. Saylor—Well, I read in a magazine that a raven has been known to live 300 years. I don't believe it, so I am going to put it to test.

Pallant (bragging about his Ingersoll)—If the sun isn't over that hill in a minute and a half, he will be late.

Mitchell—Have you ever been in Italy?

Garfola—Sure.

Tom—And is rent dear there?

Garfola—No, but the ground rents are

Tom—What's the cause of that?

Jerry—Earthquakes.

Westreich—Is there any soup on this bill of fare?

Waiter—There was, but I wiped it off.

Mr. Snavelly—What's the matter? It's a good joke, isn't it?

Chief—Yes. The first time I heard that joke I laughed till the tears rolled down my bib.

Mr. Van P.—Haven't you swept the store out yet.

Aaron—No, sir.

Mr. Van P.—What on earth have you been doing.

Aaron—Sweeping the dust out, sir.

Dr. Gibbons—Before filling your teeth, I will have to treat them.

H. S. Girl—Fine! Make it nut sundae for a lot of them.

A—My girl's father is awful dumb.

B—Yeh, he thinks Rex Beach is a summer resort.

THE MOVIE BUG.

Continued from Page Eight.

"Where is he?" said the superintendent, looking around.

Skinny by this time was thoroughly frightened at the damage he had done and had run away to hide.

While running away, he met Mr. Hammond.

"Come here," he said. Skinny thought he was going to punish him for what he had just done. Luckily, however, Mr. Hammond was unaware of what had just occurred.

"Come here," he repeated. "We are going to take another picture. I need you, but I don't want any more monkey-shines. Do you hear?"

"Yes."

"Then follow me." They went outside again. This time there were three autos. In one there was a man and a girl; in the other, a driver, a cameraman holding a camera, Mr. Hammond, and Skinny. In the third were two men.

"Now," instructed the director, "this is to be a rescue scene. The villain will drive off with the girl. The hero approaches in the auto and when they are abreast, he is to jump from one to the other. We will follow closely. Skinny, you are to kneel down and hold the camera supports. All ready everybody? Go!"

The villain started off with the girl. The hero pursued, faster and faster. The hero's auto approached the other. The hero had his coat off. He was standing on the running-board. The autos came closer. Now they were abreast. He was preparing to jump. He leaped—BANG!

Skinny, following in the third auto, was so excited that he couldn't restrain himself. He stood up to get a better view. In doing so, he tipped the camera over and it fell into the road with a crash. The three autos stopped. The director alighted.

"Yes, si-s-sir-r," said Skinny, trembling, as he approached the director.

"Skinny, do you see that road?" he pointed down the road.

"Yes."

"Fly, or I'll help you!"

Skinny flew.

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ATHLETIC NOTE.

Johnny Cairns recently won first prize for jumping at conclusions.

Woosty—I couldn't play billiards at all last night.

Welter—Why not?

Woosty—Every time I saw the three balls, I thought of my overcoat.

Joyce—Why do poets always speak of the silver moon?

Ethel—Oh! That's because of the quarters and halves.

Joyce—A body can't be in two places at the same time.

Anne—Oh, yes, it can.

Joyce—How?

Anne—When I was in Belmar, I was homesick all the time.

Traffic cop to line of motorists: In place, halt!
Busy businessman to waiter: Double time, march!

Young woman to her returned soldier-fiance: Present arms!

Shopper to saleswoman: Charge!

Swimming instructor to pupil: Fall in!

Irate mother to daughter who has applied rouge: As you were!

Modiste to customer in hobbleskirt: Half step, march!

Impatient father to young men staying late with his daughter: Company dismissed!

Wise Soph—You want to keep your eyes open around here to-day.

IB—What for?

Wise Soph—Because every one will think you are a poor boob if you go around with them shut.

HEARD IN 26.

The mountains, streaming with foam, dashed down the hills alongside the river on its way to the sea.

Anna Johnston—Do you really suppose Eleanor is in love?

Miss Muchmore—Oh, I'm quite sure of it. She mentioned the same fellow twice.

THE SAME DIFFERENCE.

First Father—My boy's letters from college always send me to the dictionary.

Second Father—That's nothing—my boy's letters always send me to the bank.

THE FACULTY'S MEMORIES OF THE SUMMER.

Continued from Page Thirteen.

because she found she had to divide it between Malone, New York, and Gloucester, Massachusetts. Newton, Massachusetts, was Miss Patrick's choice for part of her vacation; in the remainder, she took the Skagway trip to Canada. The leadership of a camp at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, required all of Mr. Field's attention.

Miss Peck had a pleasant visit with relatives at Essex, Connecticut, but she claims her real playtime was spent at Peru, Vermont. Miss Skidmore spent the entire summer at Brookfield Centre, Connecticut. Northfield, Massachusetts, was Miss Smith's choice of a resort. Mr. Wood greatly enjoyed motoring to Lenox, Massachusetts, then through the region of Thirteenth Lake, Indian Lake, and Long Lake.

Miss Coult and Miss Price found the Maine lakes and woods fine for a vacation. Pemaquid Point, on the maine coast, proved to be of greatest interest to Miss Pullin. A Maine shipyard furnished employment to Mr. Haggett for the entire summer. Mr. Pritchard is too modest to say more than that he spent the summer at Camp Kennebec, North Belgrade. Orr's Island, Casco Bay, Maine, is Miss Rudd's old camping ground, and she says it is a delightful place.

Mr. Taylor went as soon as school closed to his camp at North Sebago, Maine. He was occupied chiefly in "fishing, ruining his complexion, and motoring by boat to other camps when the fish by his camp were too retiring to bite." The people who relish good fish stories should apply to him, for he has some fine ones!

At his camp on Lake Ontario, Mr. King was kept busy as private carpenter for himself, and as the leader of a camp for his own boys.

Mr. Stevens has thus far spent eleven summers on a small island among the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River. That is the place for a good vacation, he thinks.

Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire, holds many advantages for a camp, according to Mr. Stone. It is there he spent his summer fishing and boating and generally having a good time.

Miss Belcher visited the White Mountains in the best way imaginable—tramping up and down the slopes.

The many different places which have been visited by our teachers this past summer will surely form the subject matter for interesting talks in various classes. Those members who did not get away from home will have just as interesting facts about our own city to tell their classes.

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Some men can sign a check and make it worth \$50,000? That's Capital.

The U. S. Government can take an ounce of silver worth 50c. and make it worth \$1? That's Money.

A mechanic can take material worth \$5.00 and make it into a watch spring worth \$50.00? That's skill.

Howard Chandler Christy can take a 50-cent piece of canvas and paint a picture on it worth hundreds of dollars? That's Art.

A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents and sell it for \$1? That's Business.

Girls can buy a hat for \$29.98? That's Vanity.

The author of this jingle can write a check for \$90,000, but it wouldn't be worth a cent. That's Tough.—Ex.

Mr. Stonesifer is now having his classes in shop make high-chairs, for the use of the 1B's.

Mr. Taylor has the right spirit. He wished his class a Happy New Year on the morning of September fifteenth.

Every one is happy to see Dobbins back again. It is such a comfort to know that he successfully escaped the wild women whom he met when at his summer home.

We usually hear of editors as being thin and overworked. What is the matter with ours?

SUMMER AND WINTER.

I walked the fields one sunny day in June.
The brooks spoke low in leafy coverts hid;
The clouds showed white 'gainst a clear blue sky
And purple hills rose upward to the blue.
The soft warm south wind waved the yellow grain,
And birds sang sweetly in the leafy trees.

Six months have passed since that warm day in June.

And now I tread those self-same fields once more.
The day is cold, and raw, and bleak;
The distant hills are draped with robes of snow;
The sun is pale and gives but little warmth,
And brooks are sealed by Winter's cold, harsh hand.

V. Bjorkman, Jr.

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 othy Baldwin.
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 Thomas Julian.
 Room 91—Herman Boxer, Lavinia Shapiro, Mil-
 dred Kirk, Stanton Townley.
 Room 92—Jennie Weiss, Louis Kessler, Malvine
 Mills, Carl Arenander, Helen Olwine.
 Room 93—Franklin Gilbert, Robert Hobbie,
 Keith Urmy.
 Room 95—Elizabeth Greene, Everett Scherer.
 Room 3—Elizabeth Caruso, Josephine Cerone;
 Rose Orgo, Anna Restaino, Genevieve
 Sibilia.

Block—I can argue against that.

Teacher—Yes, I know. You can argue against
 anything.

1B—What is the highest room in Barringer?
 Senior A—Miss Hill's room.

A girl may not accept your proposal, but she
 will always admire your judgment.

Casale—Now, honestly, you claim to be an
 American, and all that, but wouldn't you be
 awed by the presence of a king?

Chattin—No, not if I held an ace.

Wanted—A girl who can cook—one that will
 make a good stew.

2A—What's the difference between a mos-
 quito and an elephant?

1A—Give up.

2A—Their shape.

THE WRONG END.

The navy boy was home on leave and Daddy
 was admiring his uniform.

Daddy—But tell me, me boy, why do they
 make the pants so wide at the bottom?

Cox—So we can roll them up quickly.

Daddy—You're no son of mine if yer goin' ter
 fight wid yer feet! 'Tis yer jacket sleeves that
 ought to be wide at the bottom.

Mary Jones—Say, are all people descended
 from animals?

Van Poznak—Sure; I can remember when I
 had bare feet.

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If you are ashamed to look your customers in the face—

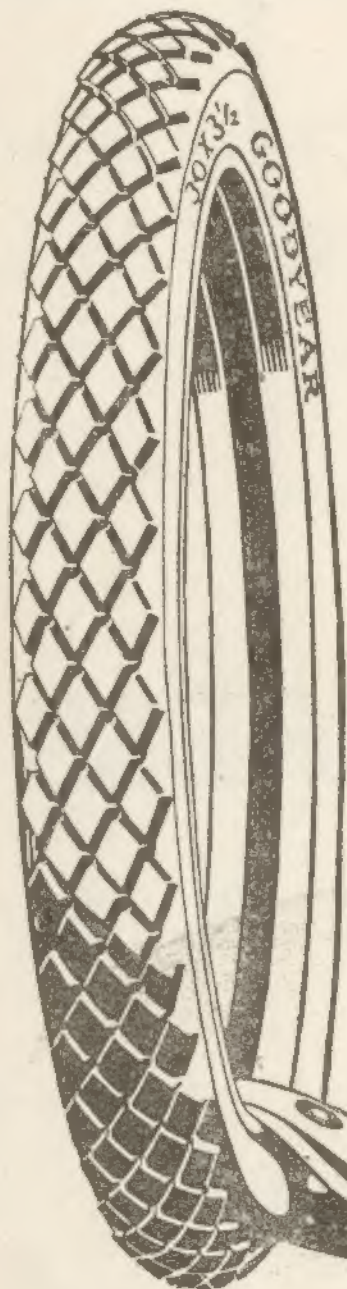
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